

New home, New York by [a_cruel_cruel_girl](#)

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Summary:

They move into a flat in New York, Steve couldn't be happier, finally somewhere to call home.

Steve's curiosity kills him as they all slowly fall in love.

New home, New York

So it all starts when Steve's dad finally tells him he has to either start working at the company or at least get another “real” job. There was a shouting match, maybe even a hit coming from Steve's dad, Nancy and Jonathan don't know because Steve refuses to tell them it was that bad, but sometimes he thinks about it at night.

Nancy had stopped him when Steve was picking up Dustin and she had told him that both of them had gotten into NYU and they'd decided to go together, so they'd be gettin out. He'd liked the idea but thought he'd be stuck in Hawkins forever.

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Steve lies on the sofa watching the TV blur out pointless noise, the house is cold and empty like it always was and all he could think about was sitting at Jonathans curled up on the sofa with the warm heat and someone murmuring in the background. He loved background noise, he always had to have the music on, or the TV on or something like that. He hated the empty silence at this house held over him

He was starting to think about how he didn't really know what he was going to do, starting to freak out a little bit. His dad pulled him aside the other day and said that he needed to come up with a plan, he was only hinting at it but when his Dad hints it never means anything good.

He was staring at his cold hands, he should probably turn the heating up or put a jumper on or just get into bed, it's 11 at night. It's not like he has anything to do tomorrow. Maybe he would walk around town and try and look for some jobs but he was always a bit nervous about looking for jobs now that everything has happened. He doesn't want another Ahoy! Episode.

He doesn't want to have to talk to strangers. Strangers that just knew nothing about what happened, the blank vacant stare that they gave him because they knew nothing about how crazy the whole world

was. How they almost died many times, it's insane.

Anyway he was back to thinking about New York. He had been thinking about it for months now. He thinks the idea of him dancing with Jonathan in a small apartment together is sweet and funny. He's sure the apartment will be absolutely awful, in New York with the amount of money that they all had together. Even if they had help with the money from his dad, although likely his dad would probably kick off about him running away to New York to avoid responsibilities. Or something like that. He couldn't tell if he actually wanted him to work for the company, because he hated him. But he also needed to be proud of him, working for him. It was always hard to tell, he didn't understand it.

He was not sure his dad did it either.

He thought about a soft sofa, he'd be curled up by the TV, blurry in the background. Nancy was probably singing, she'd be wearing one of the soft pink shirts that she wore and a cosy jumper over it with fluffy socks. He loved her socks, he always wore them when he went round to hers. Jonathan did too but he would never admit it. Jon would probably take over and say "No no no we're listening to something good" and then put on The Clash or something. Steve didn't mind anymore, Jonathan had a really good music taste although so did he and Jonathan did not appreciate it enough.

This was all in his head though, he'd been thinking about asking Nancy and Jonathan for months, he knew they hadn't booked anywhere yet but he knew they were going to pick somewhere soon. He had to ask so that they'd have time to pick somewhere big enough for all of them. It was a little humiliating though, asking to come live with them, two college students when he could barely get into a low grade college let alone NYU.

God, he would love to be with them though, finally somewhere to call home. I mean he can't really call Nancy or Jonathan's home home. The Byers house is getting there though. He goes there most days now, it's so much nicer than the cold house he lives in. He wonders if his parents will ever come back, maybe they won't, they don't even like Hawkins, he's no idea why they live here. I mean he does it so that he can go to school and go somewhere. It made him

think that they'll just send him off somewhere if he doesn't do anything with his life, put him somewhere they'll never have to talk to him again, it wouldn't surprise him.

He stands after thinking about all these things, pulls up his tired legs and pushes himself off of the sofa. Slowly creaking upstairs to his room in which is the only place he ever feels at home. His blanket is a soft one that he's had since he was a baby. One that his auntie gave him, he hasn't seen her in years. The blanket brought him hope that maybe some other people actually enjoyed his company at some point.

He brushes his teeth languidly, takes off his clothes, and he crawls into bed.

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They're hanging out by the arcade, drinking coca cola whilst they wait for the kids outside, Steve's tummy has been turning for the last 20 minutes, his dad the other day finally said he needs to make a plan and tell him about it at the very least. Which means Steve is internally freaking out. He is walking a thin line between being homelessness and his dad only being vaguely annoyed with him. His dad is not pleased with him and would gladly watch him suffer.

"Hey" both Nancy and Jonathan turn to look at him in slight surprise. They all sat without a thought in their mind, in silence. That was before he broke their silence. They were both a little nervous because Steve had that look upon his face which was worrying because he looks carefree most of the time.

"I have something to say," he said nervously. Both Nancy and Jonathan look at him with fear in their eyes, 'what's got him so nervous?' They both think.

Steve noticed he's the most confident out of all of them long before any of this. Well Nancy could be confident some of the time, I mean she was clever and she knew when she was right but Steve could laugh it off. He barely even knew anything, but he knew how to play it off like he just did.

"Yeah so the other day my dad sort of... well... he said that I need to

come up with a plan for what to do with my future.... y'know that kinda failed everything and I'm literally going to have to work in a shop my whole life now it's. Not like I can afford to live anywhere and I know you guys are going to New York, I was wondering whether maybe I could join you. I know I wouldn't be able to contribute much but if I get a job then you know, I could help and we could all hang out."

Jonathan looks a bit more surprised than Nancy, Steve and him were newer friends and he was admittedly more private. He closes his eyes for a half second and opens them again with a wry smile on his lips before saying "Yeah, that'd be great, what do you think Nance?"

Nancy looks back at Jonathan from looking at Steve and thinks 'God I never thought the day would come when Steve would ask to live with us and Jonathan would be happy about it' but she was the same as Jonathan, and they both had a loving small smile on their face and all three of them were thinking about what it would be like to live in New York. Crazy New York city.

Nancy puts a hand out for Steve to grab and pulls Jonathan close. "Isn't it going to be great, isn't it going to be so fun, although you know me and Jonathan will still have to work and I'm going to work so hard, I can't wait, the course is so good" She tells them getting mildly distracted. "I mean... I mean living together it's going to be so much fun, I can't wait."

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It only just happens, and it's so exciting. He wishes that his parents wouldn't have asked to take him, but he supposes it's a big step, not that they actually care about his life, but they demand to take him up all the same.

The apartment they'd picked with the help of some money from his parents was nicer than he'd expected, they'd paid more for the location and private accommodation instead of what the college offers so that they could live together. They would all have to work to really afford to live there but Nancy would just get a Saturday job

so she had time for all her uni work and Steve would work more part time, hopefully somewhere that pays well but he doesn't have his hopes up.

Steve is excited, he knew that the place was going to be pretty musty and probably not very clean. His mum is a bit of a clean freak so he's sure that she would dash as soon as she saw it, barely being able to lay eyes on it. He was glad, maybe they would leave straight away when they dropped his stuff off. Then he and everyone else could settle in, even Joyce and probably Mrs Wheeler would have coffee and look around the place. Tidy up a little bit and help move everything in.

He's the first one to arrive. When he gets there it doesn't look too bad from the outside, but there is graffiti everywhere and the gate lock looks broken. There's a man who's quite chubby and he has hair all over his face and looks like he hasn't ever shaved, he's shirt is ripped and has paint all over his trousers and hands. Steve can't tell whether he always looks like this everyday or just today in particular. He hands Steve the keys and begins asking about the college that he is going to which Steve just tries to avoid. It doesn't really work and Steve's dad looks like he's going to pop a blood vessel, too embarrassed by his son to correct the bumbling man.

They get inside and the man leaves finally feeling the awkward tension between each family member. His dad turns to him and gives him a mean stare and says "Don't spend all your money, don't hook-up with girls, and get an STD. For God's sake don't get anyone pregnant. Jesus we're leaving now." His mum looks a bit sad, a tear in her eye. He doesn't really understand why, because they never see each other anyway. His mum gives him a kiss on the cheek as she carries the last bag in and gives him a hug.

She whispers in his ear that she loves him and hopes he'll make her proud. He doesn't think she could say anything to him that could really make him feel anything. They both leave, his dad's frown never leaving Steve's mind. But he's free at last. It's not too long after that he's wondering where both of them are, he's been alone for twenty minutes and doesn't feel like unpacking until they're here.

Nancy eventually joins them, Karen looking too sad and teary to hold

a real conversation, she kept saying she was going to go clean but he knew that she was just trying to hide the tears.

“I wonder where Jonathan could be, he left before us but maybe they got lost?” Nancy tells him when he still hasn’t arrived after another twenty minutes.

“Maybe he’s car broke down, it is pretty janky” He offers her back.

So they start doing all the kitchen stuff first, deciding to do the communal area even though Jonathan’s not appeared yet. They all have things to contribute, Steve’s all look shiny and new and they all know Jonathan’s will look a bit older but it’s okay, honestly Jonathan’s will be the best of all of them because they’ve actually been made to last for a long time. Nancy freaks out about how the cutlery is all odd, she hadn’t really thought about it, so far she hates it though. “I just don’t understand why we didn’t collaborate on this and all the crockery is going to be different too.” She exclaims mid taking her bowls out of a box.

They’re just trying to fit all the pans in the cupboard when they hear a knock on the door and Jonathan’s finally there.

Nancy goes and gives him a kiss on the cheek and he says “Wow, look at this place.”

Steve strides over feeling happy at last, they’re all here. It’s all going to be ok, wonderful.

They all muddle about all day, it takes them ages to find anywhere anything goes and takes even longer to finish packing. He knows that they’ll still be doing it for weeks and unpacking things for months, too many cardboard boxes between three of them.

They settle down for the night, all the sheets on the bed, all the books out and all the records around them, one of The Smashing Pumpkins records that Jonathan owns plays in the corner on one of Steve’s mums old record players. Steve said that he’ll cook for them, surprised they didn’t realise he could cook at all, let alone well.

He’s always had to cook for himself, they realise, so they look at each other in that sad way when they realise how lonely Steve always has

been. But it has some advantages because he knows how to cook really well and he loves cooking and he loves cooking for other people.

He just cooks some nice pasta. It's got a bit of homemade garlic bread and a bit of chilli oil to spice it up a little bit. With some salad that he's mum gave him before his parents left. Both Nancy and Jonathan moan when they take their first bites, they'd all barely eaten between driving and packing.

Steve's job is rubbish but he likes the other guys that work there. He helps stock shelves at a clothes shop a 20 tube stop away. He loves going on the underground sometimes. He has met some interesting people there. Nancy barely goes on it and refuses, she'd rather pay a mean taxi cab fare, walk, or suffer at a party from having to be the designated driver.

He likes working at the shop because he can go hide in the basement and no one notices he's gone. He hates the area the shop is in. It's too busy, I mean most of New York is busy but there are too many shops and restaurants and there's always hundreds of people.

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They're all busy working but they also have dinner together and Steve is so "freaking good" Nancy loves to show off to her friends. Jon falls in love with his halloumi burgers, enthused by the tasty toppings.

They decide that they are going to start having a game night, so on a cold Friday night, when the wind is too warm and the rain is too cold, they sit around cross legged in the living room drinking hot cups of cocoa with Baileys in. Glasses of cheap wine each that they got from the corner store. The place which coincidentally sold them four whole watermelons for \$3, which is way way too much watermelon. So they had a fight with them in the kitchen and it got so dirty it smelt of watermelon for weeks, until Nancy got so sick of it she cleaned the whole flat.

Steve sat with his legs crossed his arm around each knee as if he was meditating with a magazine discarded next to him. He's been reading these magazines lately, they were also from the corner store and he got a great deal for two for one if you went early on Monday because you got a random one for free from their backlog. He was somewhere between reading something about Gordon Ramsay's new pasta and Keira Knightley's hot dating life in 2004. He also really enjoyed the fashion section from a particular season in 2006 that he'd read in the magazine earlier that day.

Jonathan was sat with this new comfortableness that he got every time he came home, it had taken him awhile to get comfortable with the setting, moving around wasn't really his scene. He liked to know where things were, and in a moving uni house it was impossible. It was really cute seeing him with his legs wide open, comfortable like a proper little mansplainer. Nancy loves the way that his hands lie carefree for once.

Nancy sat like she was tired, mainly because she was tired. She had been at class all day and then had to go to the grocery shop after Steve refused to go to the shop after last week, when some guy collapsed, they thought it was a drug related thing. So she goes in and does all the shopping, what she wouldn't do for her boys. Jonathan meets her and helps to carry it all up. Steve eventually comes down to help, but he'd been on the phone to the landlord trying to get him to fix one of the sockets in the flat.

"So what's actually for dinner tonight Steve?" Nancy asks. Usually if he hasn't started preparing something this late into the evening it was usually something quick.

"I'm gonna make something that I found online. It's kind of LA but I think it'll be really nice, it's spinach pancakes." Steve says while looking kind of unsure of himself. Steve loves pancakes. I mean who doesn't but spinach in them sounds odd.

Both Nancy and Jonathan look curiously at each other and then back at Steve. "I mean if you think it's going to be good then I trust you." says Jonathan, but Steve sees that he sneakily gives a glance to Nancy which he is sure is not full of confidence.

Steve cooks for them and it is surprisingly good. I mean it's basically just savoury pancakes but they're green and Jonathan likes that it makes it fun. He knows that Will would love it. He's sure that he will make them next time or at the very least Steve will make it for them next time that they go home.

They sit eating the pancakes with ham and cheese and some salad and then a sneaky baked potato.

"Shall we watch a film after this?" Nancy says crudely with her mouth full of green mush, which makes all of them giggle.

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It becomes routine for Steve to cook pancakes for them for breakfast every Saturday and Sunday. They spend the weekend going for a walk, shopping and watching a film and they take turns choosing the films. Steve makes them watch Pulp Fiction and Jonathan makes them watch Scott Pilgrim, Nancy often goes for a documentary or a musical.

So after that it becomes common for Saturday's to be spent munching on pancakes in the morning. Well, it's usually a late brunch, they have bacon and eggs and cheese and everything feels nice and warm. Nancy does indeed sing but she sings musicals which Jonathan hates and Jonathan's been trying to get them to listen to his latest new playlist that the Student Union has set up. He complains that it's not underground enough but it's the only thing that he ever listens to in the car.

Sometimes they go shopping. They like to go grocery shopping together but with three of them it ends up being a little bit of a mission especially as Steve gets sidetracked by absolutely anything that's colourful. He really is a kid at heart.

But other times they go clothes shopping, not that any of them can really afford clothes. They look at the house stuff which they never end up buying but Nancy starts making them go to all these home stores which have cushions, photos for the walls and sometimes even lighting but Jonathan hates it because it makes him feel like way too much of an adult.

Usually when they come home they watch a bunch of movies. They all talk to their parents separately but they all talk to Joyce and Will and then sometimes they call the other shitheads and talk to Dustin for a little bit. Nancy tries to ring Max and El so they have an older girl to talk to. Steve likes giving them advice, he misses them a lot.

They sit back and relax and like they don't have to do any work even though usually Nancy does some work, they can't really stop her but she tries to reserve Saturday's especially just for them to all have fun. They try to meet up with other people from their courses, a lot of people on Jonathan's courses are either stoners or Nancy doesn't want to be mean but a little different. They're not really Nancy's people, but Steve gets along with them enough that he sometimes sees them around and they wave at him.

Nancy's friends, they're nice but they all do think that Steve is a dumbass, a lovable dumb ass but a dumbass, they like Jonathan though, they like him because he's nice and kind and polite and that he always asks if any of them want a drink when they come round, Joyce's politeness pushed onto him, always asking if people want water or a drink with a biscuit, not that they usually have any biscuits laying around.

Sometimes they do hang out with people but they usually let it be for Saturday night when they want to go out to parties or for Sunday's when they go out for walks. Saturday's remain a day just with them which seems ridiculous knowing that they all live together. They spend all week together but still they need time between their work and busy days. They want to stick together on a Saturday without worries without work, without University.

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It's fairly common for them all to curl up on the sofa. Even a couple times after a night out have they all fallen asleep on the sofa or once Steve's bed, heads full of hungoverness to even push any weird anxiety into the situation.

Nancy sits in the middle, Steve usually ends up pushing his legs up and having them sprawled over their laps, Nancy's head on Jonathan's shoulder and a hand on Steve's legs. When Jonathan lets

his wrist lay over Steve's ankle, Steve can't help but smile all night. He had never realised how touch starved he was.

It is sometime around 4:30 on a Thursday, Nancy's at class. Jonathan has the afternoon off and he also has Friday mornings which means he always ends up staying up too late on Thursday nights with Steve. Nancy tells him it's a bad habit and that keeping a sleep schedule is important, going to bed at completely different times all the time is very bad for your brain. Even though she doesn't go to bed at the same time on Saturday or Sunday. but she usually gets into bed about 11 every other night.

So Steve and Jonathan are on the couch, Steve's legs displaced over Jonathan's. They're watching Pulp Fiction again because both Jonathan and Steve like it, but Nancy absolutely hates it.

They stay up until about 12:30 slouched on the sofa, Jonathan is sort of falling asleep but he doesn't quite let himself get there before he opens his eyes again. Steve is laughing at him silently. Jonathan eventually just groans and gives up and slopes sideward onto Steve's legs so he can lie down. Steve just feels nice, home in the warmth of his friends which is all he's ever wanted.

There's a brief pause between both the boys. The TV is still blurring and both of them are watching it but they're not watching it. They're both concentrating on each other, not looking but just feeling the emanating aura of each other. It's nice. Jonathan's uncomfortable slouched over with his legs off the side of the sofa. How is he ever supposed to sleep in this position but he can't get himself to move and get up and get into bed. It feels so nice cuddling Steve. He's not sure when that happened, not sure when Steve stopped being that guy that he didn't know that well and how he became someone he kind of liked hanging around with, always comforted by his presence.

So with a slight shake of his head he shuffles up, pulls his legs up and half collapses right onto Steve, now cuddling him more than anything. Their heads are put together, their torsos aligned and Jonathan's legs scrunched to the side of him, feet jutting over the armrest.

Steve only moves his arm in response and pulls him close, cuddling

him further.

It isn't until the next morning when Nancy comes stumbling into the living room late for class which is very unlike her. There was no snoring to wake her like there usually was because Jonathan was a horrendous snorer when he lay on his back. She's just shoving on her shoes when she goes to look over the sofa to see if her keys are on the table, to find them all bunched up and cuddling. Soft and sleepy, Steve cracks open his eyes at the shadow that goes across his face from Nancy moving towards him.

“Good morning” he says all mumbling and soft, she just leans forward and kisses both of them on the cheeks, which is quite hard at that angle, but she giggles tries not to wake up Jonathan and then heads to her class.

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Then things get weird.

Steve wakes up one day, both Nancy and Jonathan have already left for classes, and he's alone. He's not one for being alone. He was always alone at home. It is nice to have a slight break from both of them though, since he is always around them.

He is around them so much that he's barely had time to, y' know, wank off. So he gets down to business, he does what men do, thinks about how he should probably get laid soon, maybe he should try that bar on the corner that always has girls in short dresses in. Although Sarah, one of Nancy's friends, has mentioned a couple of times that he was hot and he was wondering if he could get off with her, he's not sure if he's allowed to hit on Nancy's friends though, if that's weird.

Thinking about all this, it crosses his mind that he's never heard them. Not that he wants to of course, but they've been living here for months now, Maybe they're just really quiet, maybe they do it at uni he thinks that's weird, kinda hot, but weird.

“Fuck” he wimpers out as he feels himself getting closer, gripping his dick and rolling a thumb over the end and spreading pre cum further down himself.

He cums after a glimpse of what Nancy and Jonathan do by themselves flicks into his mind, but he bats it away not wanting to process what the hell that was.

“Too much time with them” he whispers to himself suddenly realising that they had not spent a day apart in weeks, they were always with each other and I mean he loved it, he thought that they liked that, he presume they did otherwise surely they would have told him to fuck off.

They're still dating. I mean he knew they were, they kissed in front of him. They loved each other but like maybe they just don't have sex often and when they do Steve is out the house, but what isn't very often because if he's out the house they usually are too.

He's thinking about his too much, way too much, he should stop.

So he gets up and makes breakfast and he decides to go to that coffee shop he likes, the one with the swing chairs. He's done all the washing and done all the dusting, he could get the vacuum from downstairs and vacuum, but he hated talking to the janitor he was so musty. So he goes to the coffee shop and he sits down simply needing to just take the day to relax. It's been a while since he's been alone, so he just thinks and thinks and thinks.

He's thinking about it again, God why. Do they still have sex? He shouldn't be thinking about that, he needs to stop. Do you think they like it fast or slow? Nancy liked both but he thought Jonathan would like it slow but he could be an underdog. Why was he thinking about this? He was sure his heart would stop if he ever saw Jonathan sweaty and breathing deeply above him. It makes him bite his lip and take a sip of coffee whilst trying to stop thinking about shagging his ex and ex's boyfriend.

Yes, he does spend the next 3 hours thinking about this, intermittently thinking of other things in between. He thinks he should probably call his Dad because last time he had spoken to his

mum, his mum had told him that he should actually ring his dad for once. Instead of just her but he knows his dad will just go on and on about how he is getting older, how he shouldn't be living with his friends and slacking off all the time. But Steve thinks after all they've been through, maybe he just wants to have fun for a little bit, and he has a job. Yes, it's a shit job at a shop but it's worth something.

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It's later that night they're just doing work that had been cruelly given last minute. Nancy just wanted to get it over and done with and convinced Jonathan to do his as well. Nancy is stressed, she is always stressed about work, so she gets some crisps and works until Steve is done with dinner. Jonathan's just loosely planning to take some photos tomorrow on the green park that's two blocks over, mainly stoners hang out there but he's sure he can find something to take photos of. They're doing a group project on his course where he needs to take some photos of something rather... Steve doesn't know because he doesn't really listen to anything anymore.

Steve's just reading something he's picked up lately didn't know he could actually like books always saying that something he hated but hey ho in his boredom it's something good.

He leans close to Jonathan which makes Jonathan jump. "What do you want?" Jonathan asks, looking suspiciously at Steve. Steve backs out what he's going to say because he suddenly realises how weird it is. I mean he knew how weird it was but it didn't sound too bad for a second.

It's not the kind of question Jonathan would enjoy, he's sure Jonathan would just blush and be very embarrassed. He's going to stop thinking about it this minute.

He says "No it's fine, I just wanted to look at what you're doing." Which starts Jonathan off on an escapade of what he's been doing and telling him about camera angles or some kind of setting. Steve sighs out and again thinks about it until he suddenly just blurts out "Do you and Nancy still have sex?"

Which causes the biggest blush to blow over his face and his ear

burn. It's about the most surprised and a little bit of hurt on Jonathan's face that Steve has ever seen. So he backtracks.

'Why the fuck did I say that dipshit?'

"Sorry that's weird, I didn't mean it like that, like I just mean I never hear you and I just I don't know, I just have never heard you and the walls are really thin but I don't know where. I just don't know." He ends lamely.

Jonathan still looks the same but now has his mouth shut and then opens again and shoots out an "um" in a blank voice. Which indicates that he has completely shut down at this point.

Steve in a small voice just says it "Doesn't matter, sorry I'll just forget it, sorry, bye" before leaving the room and proceeding to smash his face against his wall.

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So Wednesday evening, Steve comes out to cook dinner, and he can barely look at Jonathan. He pushes past it, he can laugh anything off. Neither Jonathan or Nancy join him, if they were in the house he's sure that they could hear him banging away in the kitchen so they must either be out or doing something. So Steve pops on the radio and starts listening to some god awful shit that Jon would glare at him for. But then after a half hour of listening to it he realises that if Jonathan is in then listening to music he hates is not helping. So he quickly switches to a station he knows Jonathan likes.

When it's nearly done he calls them both, when Nancy comes out first she looks like a cat who got the cream, like she has completed her work and feels confident with it. He asks her, he loves when she's on top of all her work because she tries to explain some of her work to him and she always gets a bit embarrassed after she realizes she's been talking for too long. She tells him that she'd gotten all her essays done this morning and was just finishing off the bibliography, when she got distracted by a different essay that they'd only just been given. She'd started looking up studies and sources for it and was feeling very relaxed after finishing for the day.

"I wanted everything done for next week, so I don't have to stress whilst I'm away."

"I mean you wouldn't have had to stress, but I know what you mean." They chat for a little bit until Jonathan comes through which only takes a couple minutes. Steve blushes immediately, Jonathan just stares at him and carries on. Steve doesn't know what that means. Nancy raises an eyebrow at him in confusion. She thinks perhaps Jonathan is upset by something, probably home sick.

He serves out the meal and is chatty with Nancy, Jonathan is silent but not in a sad or emotional way, just doesn't seem to be contributing to the conversation much.

"So what's up Jon?" She asks Jonathan, feeling it was the polite thing to do even though Jonathan wasn't a big talker. She was confused at his behaviour because they'd hung out the morning and gone to the smoothie place on 5th they liked and he had seemed happy.

He just shrugs in response and then gives out a gruff "Just tired, we were up late last night." and gives her a look. Which is not what Nancy was expecting him to do, she blushes back at him thinking about how he'd eaten her out last night in his room.

She liked that side of him, the side of him that wasn't so bashful, she'd wondered what had come over him to say that out loud, it's not like Steve had knew what they'd done, but Jonathan wasn't the type to talk or even insinuate about sex even if it was only a nod towards it.

Steve was looking at her dumbstruck which made her blush even more. Okay maybe Steve did know what they'd done last night, she hadn't been that loud had she?

She goes to put some more food on her plate, and grabs a can of coke from the fridge. Behind her back Jonathan gives one stony stare to Steve, before looking back down to his food.

At Least Steve knew now.

Nancy left that night after dinner and drove a couple towns away, something about a cousin her mum wanted her to go meet. She was meeting a Mother and Grandma in the morning and was going to stay in a motel overnight. They hadn't wanted to let her go alone but Jonathan had an important midterm exam and Steve had work.

Jonathan had been stealthily hiding from Steve since Thursday night, it was now Saturday Morning, everytime he thought about what Steve had asked he blushed.

And I mean him and Nancy did have sex, it's not like when they were living at home because Mrs Wheeler never let him stay and unlike Steve, Jonathan would not just sneak through her window unless it was an emergency.

So they had sex probably less than some people their age but only because they both hung out with Steve so much that often when they got to bed they were tired and couldn't be bothered to have stealthy non noisy sex.

He thought Nancy liked it when they did though, she'd smile and put her finger over her lips trying to get him to be quiet even though often she was the one moaning in his ear.

They tried to time it for when Steve was out but Steve wasn't very organised and would often come back way quicker than they expected, forget something and come back after 5 minutes, cancel plans or invite people there instead. And his work shifts often lined up with when they were at classes.

So they had sex, it just wasn't that often just because they didn't wanna be inconsiderate to Steve. Something makes Jonathan's heart squeeze at the idea of Steve listening to them having sex, he wasn't entirely sure that it was a bad feeling.

So he was avoiding Steve, not entirely, they still had dinner together, Steve still cooked but Jonathan left and spent the whole day outside on Friday, only coming back for dinner which then retreated to his room.

It wasn't until around 1pm when Steve was finished with brunch and

called Jonathan, that Jonathan finally gave in because Steve was giving him puppy dog eyes and looking like an abandoned puppy as he served him brunch. There is only so much Jon can take.

“Look it’s fine, let’s never speak of it again” Jonathan tells him and then smiles back, obviously this is where you’d think that would be left, but Steve obviously tries to push his luck, as he always does, dipshit.

“Sorry I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable” He tries. Jonathan just shoots him a glare.

“I don’t know what you’re on about, c’mon let’s watch TV.” Jonathan is just going to go with the whole stone wall-ing thing and hope he leaves it alone. He stands up with his food and begins to make his way over to the TV. Turning on to a channel with some comedy sitcom on.

Steve does not like that. “I’m not asking for the details dude, I just wanted to actually apologize.” Which makes Jonathan feel guilty and look back at him. And damn it he’s doing the puppy dog eyes again. Steve knows how to use those bad boys. It surprises him how many fights she’s been in when he can look like that. He can’t imagine his mum ever being able to tell him off.

“Fine. What?”

Steve looks down guiltily twiddling with the bottom seam of his shirt. A moth had clearly eaten through leaving a couple small holes. His rough hands picked at the hole making it worse.

“I’m sorry for making you uncomfortable, I didn’t mean to, what you do with Nancy is your own business.

“Thank you” Jonathan smiles back, “C’mon we’re watching Back to the Future.”

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“Okay what is up with you?” Nancy had had enough.

“You’ve barely touched me since I got back, and when I left you made the most unlike you comment at dinner. What is up?”

Okay so Jonathan had forgiven Steve but now he couldn’t stop thinking about it. He decided he wasn’t going to tell Nancy because she’d probably be embarrassed than him. But Nancy was persistent had been asking him all day about why he was acting weird and he didn’t even think he was acting weird, he swear she has super powers.

“Nothing, I’m just thinking about something that Steve said.

“Well what did Steve say?”

“No nothing” but Nancy only gives him that pointed look like she knows how to drill a whole in his stomach and find all his secrets.

“He just asked if we had much sex because he’d never heard us, I guess I’m just over thinking us being loud or whatever.”

“Why would you be over thinking it if he’d never heard us?” She asked, barely even blinking.

“Well don't you think it was weird of him to ask?” At this Nancy’s hand falls to her hips and a hand goes to her lip to tap it lightly. “Huh, I guess, I’m not worried about it though.”

This is a very big shock to Jonathan, he for sure thought that Nancy was going to freak the fuck out. But she quickly moves the conversation along and carries on folding her and Jonathan's laundry. Maybe he didn’t know her so well after all.

It wasn’t until the next night that he realised why Nancy had been so nonchalant.